THE FIRST AND SE-cond part of *The Remedy of Loue.*

VVritten by Sir THOMAS OVERBVRY Knight.

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1620.

TO THE WORTHY GENTLEMAN, AND HIS much honoured friend, Master IOHN ONLEY.

SIr, in this my loue is ſhowne to you, ſince I giue you the Remedy of Loue, a Receipt neuer before miniſtred by any but Ouid, *one well skild in the cauſe, therefore ſhould better geſſe at the Remedy: Many others, perhaps, in this world, with your ſelfe, which cry with our Poet,*

--- Oh nature too vnkind,
That made no medcine for a Loue-ſick mind.

Here may haue remedy: (it is an infection reignes) but if your ſelfe or any other finde remedy in this my remedy I (not Phyſition like) looke but for thankes, and I appeale to all louers for the Patronizing of this little Pamphlet: Thus wiſhing you in all your deſires remedy, I reſt

Yours
I. W.

TO THE WORTHY
GENTLEMAN, AND HIS
much honoured friend, Master
JOHN ONLEY.

The Remedy of Loue.

WHen Loue did reade the Title of my booke,
He fear'd leaſt ſome had Armes againſt him tooke;
Suſpect mee not for ſuch a wicked thought,
Vnder thy colours which ſo oft haue fought.
Some youths are oft in loue, but I am euer;
And now to do the ſame I do perſeuer.
I meane not to blot out what I haue taught,
Nor to vnwinde the web that I haue wrought.
If any loue, and is with loue repaide,
Bleſt be his ſtate! he needeth not my aide:
But if he reape ſcorne where he loue hath ſowne,
Of ſuch it is that I take charge alone.

The Remedy of Loue.

Why ſhould loue any vnto hanging force?
When as euen hate can driue them to no worſe?
Why by their own hands ſhould it cauſe men periſh,
When it is peace alone that loue doth cheriſh?
Ile eaſe you now which taught to loue before,
The ſame hand which did wound ſhall heale the ſore.
The ſame earth, poyſon'd flowres, and healthſome
The Roſe is often neighbour vnto weeds. (breeds,
To men and women both, I Phyſicke giue,
Elſe I but halfe the ſicke world ſhould relieue.
If any for that Sexe vnfitting are,
Yet they by mens example may beware:
Had wicked *Scylla* this my counſell read,
The golden haire had ſtuck to *Niſus* head.
Take heed, when thou doſt firſt to like begin,
Thruſt not loue out, but let him not come in.
By running farre, Brookes runne with greater force,
'Tis eaſier to hold in, then ſtop thy horſe.

Delay

Delay, addes ſtrength and faſter hold imparts:
Delay, the blades of corne, to eares conuerts.
The Tree which now is father to a ſhade,
And often head againſt the winde hath made,
I could at firſt haue pluckt vp with my hand,
Though the Sunnes proſpect now it dares withſtand,
Then paſſions, ere they fortifie remoue,
„ In ſhort time, liking, groweth to be loue:
Be prouident, and ſo preuent thy ſorrow,
Who will not do't to day, cannot to morrow.
The Riuer which now multipli'd doth ſwell,
Is in his cradle but a little Well.
Oft, that which when 'tis done is but a ſkarre,
Becomes a wound while we the cure deferre.
But in thy heart if loue be firmely ſeated,
And hath ſuch roote as cannot be defeated;
Although in had at firſt I did not take you,
At point of death 'twere cruell to forſake you.
That fire which water neuer can aſſwage,

For want of ſtuffe at length muſt end his rage.
Whiles loue is in his furious heate giue place,
Delay, what counſell cannot, brings to paſſe,
At firſt his minde impatient and ſore,
Doth Phyſicke, more then the diſeaſe abhorre.
Who but a foole, a mother will forbid,
Her ſonne new dead, ſome briny drops to ſhed:
When ſhe a while hath ſpoke her griefe in teares,
With patience then, of patience ſhe heares.
Out of due ſeaſon who ſo Phyſicke gi's,
Though it cauſe health, yet hath he done amiſſe.
And friendly counſell vrged out of date,
Doth fret the ſore, and cauſe the hearers hate.
But when loues anger ſeemeth to appeaſe,
By all meanes labour to ſhunne idlenes:
This brings him firſt, this ſtaies him and no other,
This is to *Cupid* both his nurſe and mother.
Barre idleneſſe, loues arrowes blunt will turne,
And the vnflaming fire want power to burne,

The Remedy of Loue.

,, Loue ne're doth better entertainment finde,
,, Then in a deſolate and empty minde.
Sloth is loues bawde, if thou wilt leaue wooing,
Let ſtill thy body, or thy minde be doing.
Full happineſſe nere ſtop'd with rub of chance,
Eaſe vncontroul'd, Long ſleepes and dalliance,
Do wound the minde, though neuer pierce the skin,
And through that wound loue ſlily creepeth in.
Then either vnto bookes go make thy mone,
So ſhalt thou haue moſt company alone.
Or elſe vnto the doubtfull warres go range,
Ready, thy ſelfe, for honour to exchange.
The *Parthian*, that valiant *Run-away*,
To yeeld new cauſe of triumph doth aſſay,
Ægyſtus was a letcher, and why ſo?
The cauſe was he had nothing elſe to do.
When all the youths of *Greece* for *Troy* were bound,
And with a wall of men encloſ'd it round,
Ægyſtus would not from his home remoue,

Where

Where he did nothing, but that nothing loue.
If theſe faile, to the Country then repaire,
For any care extinguiſheth this care:
There maiſt thou ſee the Oxe, the yoke obey,
And though the earth, ploughs eating throgh their way:
To whom thou maiſt ſet corne to vſe, and ſee
For euery corne, ſpring vp a little Tree.
The Sunne being Midwife, thou ſhalt oft finde there,
Trees bearing far more fruite then they can beare.
And how the ſiluer Brookes are riding poſt,
Till in ſome Riuer they themſelues haue loſt.
There maiſt thou ſee Goates skale the higheſt Hill,
That they their bellies and their dugges may fill.
And harmleſſe ſheepe, to whom was no defence,
By nature euer giuen, but innocence.
There maiſt thou learne to graffe, and then note how,
The old Tree nurſeth the adopted bough;
And of his ſap doth him allowance rate,
Though his fruite from him do degenerate.

There

There maiſt thou ſee the Hare tred many a ring,
The Hounds into a laborinth to bring:
Vntill he(hauing long his death delaide)
By his owne ſteps be to the dogs betraide,
Of Fiſhing vſe,ſo thou the fiſh ſhalt ſee,
Puniſh'd to death for their credulity.
Do this,that thou maiſt weary be at night,
So ſleepe in ſpight of thoughts ſhall cloſe thy ſight.
Let not thy memory things paſt repeate,
Tis eaſier oft to learne then to forget.
Therefore keepe diſtance,and thy loue forſake,
This to effect ſome iourney vndertake:
I know thou wilt wiſh raine,and faine delay,
And oft thy doubtfull foote ſtand at a ſtay:
But how much more it greiues thee to be gone,
So much the more remember to go on.
Name not the miles nor once look backwards home,
The *Parthian* by flight doth ouercome.
Some ſay my rules are hard, I do confeſſe it,

The Remedy of Loue.

Needs muſt hurt the wound becauſe I dreſſe it.
Wilt thou bide for thy bodies health vexation?
Which ſtraight decayes without foods reparation?
And wilt not thou do this thy minde to mend?
Thy better halfe which did from heauen deſcend?
For your more comfort, this one proofe I ſay,
,,'Tis harder farre to part then ſtay away.
For cuſtome with the hardeſt things that are,
Will make vs in ſhort time familiar.
If thou be once abroad there long abide,
Leaſt comming home into relaps thou ſlide:
Then will thine abſence bring thee to worſe plight,
As faſting breeds a greater appetite.
Thinke not by witchcraft to fright loue away,
Pluto himſelfe hath bene in loue they ſay.
Circe vſ'de this, the wandring Knight to ſtirre,
Yet many miles were twixt his loue and her.
But he that is ſo vex'd, that would eſteeme,
All paines but cheape, his freedome to redeeme:

Let

Let him alone ſumme vp his Miſtreſſe crimes,
Thinke how much ſhe hath coſt thee many times:
Thinke how ſhe vſde to ſweare and kindly ſpeake,
And (faithleſſe) ſtreight her word and oath to breake:
And thinke, the ſame night that ſhe thee denies,
That (greedy) with ſome ſeruingman ſhe lies.
Vrge this, thy matter neuer will be ſpent,
For ſorrow will make any eloquent.
I was in loue my ſelfe the other day,
And ſhe vngratefull would not loue repay.
Then grew I the Phyſitian and the ſicke,
And did my ſelfe recouer by this tricke.
I ſayd ſhe was not faire when I did eye her,
Yet to confeſſe the truth I did belie her,
I blam'd her leg and foote when I ſtood by her,
Yet to confeſſe the truth I did belie her,
Yet I at length (for many times I ſaid it)
Gainſt my owne knowledge to my ſelfe gaue credite,
Still neere to vertue, vices bordring lie,

For on both ſides of her they ſeated be:
Then the good parts thou in thy Miſtreſſe know'ſt,
To one of thoſe two vices ſee thou bow'ſt.
Account the fat as ſwolne, the browne as blacke,
If ſhe be ſlender, ſay, ſhe fleſh doth lacke:
If ſhe be merry, ſweare that ſhe is light,
If modeſt, thinke it is for lacke of wit.
This done, thy Miſtreſſe, be ſhe not too coy,
Wherein ſhe hath no gift nor grace, employ:
If ſhe ſing harſh, intreate her ſtill to ſing,
Hath ſhe fat fingers? then a Lute her bring:
If ſhe ſtride wide, then get her forth to walke,
If ſpeake ſhe ill, then giue her cauſe to talke.
If ſhe dance hobling, let her not ſit ſtill,
And make her laugh if that her teeth be ill;
Sometimes into her chamber early preſſe,
Before at all points ſhe her ſelfe can dreſſe:
That which is *Venus* image when 'tis done,
Was (while 'twas making) but a rugged ſtone.

With Cloathes and Tires our iudgements bribed bee,
And woman is leaſt part of what we ſee.
But leaſt thou too much truſt this rule, beware,
For many (like Truth) faireſt, naked are.
Yet venture in, for there is often found,
The ſtuffe, whereof their painting they compounds
And boxes, which vnto their cheekes giue colour,
And water that doth waſh their faces fouler.

The ſecond part of the Remedy *Of Loue.*

HItherto haue I breath'd, now will I bring,
My ranging courſe into a ſhorter ring.
When that night comes(which many nights hath loſt thee,
And much ſweete bitter expectation coſt thee)
Whilſt thou art heauy,and thy ſpirits downe,
And fooliſhly wiſe, by repentance growne:
Then let thine eyes her body note,till they
Do ſomething finde amiſſe and thereon ſtay.
Some may perchance,theſe precepts,trifles call,
Who is not help'd by any may by all.

The Remedy of Loue.

For all I cannot fit inſtructions finde,
Becauſe no two are like in face and minde.
The ſame that one doth not miſlike at all,
A great deformity, ſome others call.
As that nice youth, that did his loue with-draw,
Becauſe his Miſtreſſe he at Priuy ſaw.
They loue in ieaſt, that ſo can whole become,
When *Cupid* ſhootes at ſuch he drawes not home.
Striue thou to be in loue with two together,
So ſhall thy loue be violent in neither:
For when thy minde by halfes doth doubtfull ſtray,
One loue doth take the others force away.
The ſelfe-ſame ſtrength, vnited is more ſtrong,
Then when to two, it parted, doth belong.
Great Riuers being peece-meale oft diuided,
Do ſhrinke at length to Brooks that may be ſtrided
This trick hath many help'd, therefore we ſee,
Women for ſpite terme it Inconſtancie.
The old loue, by ſucceſſion out is droue,

In *Helen*, *Paris* loſt *Oenone's* loue:
Shee which hath many ſonnes, makes not ſuch mone,
As ſhe which looſeth all her ſonnes in one,
The faſteſt loue a ſecond loue vndoes,
For in a croſſe-way loue himſelfe doth looſe.
Although thy heart with fire like *Ætna* flame,
Let not thy Miſtreſſe once perceiue the ſame:
Smother thy paſſions, and let not thy face,
Tell thy mindes ſecrets, while ſhe is in place:
Thy heart being ſtormy, let thy face be cleere,
Nor let loues fire by ſmoake of ſighes appeare.
Diſſemble long, till thy diſſembling breed,
Such vſe, as thou art out of loue in deed.
I haue, from drinking, ſo my ſelfe to keepe,
Laine on a bed and winck'd my ſelfe aſleepe:
Oft haue I ſeene youths faine themſelues in loue,
Till taken at their words they ſo did proue.
If ſhe appoint thee any time to come,
And comming thither find'ſt her not at home,

The Remedy of Loue.

Do not make Sonnets at her chamber dore,
Nor thy repulſe as a miſchance deplore,
Nor to her, when thou meeteſt her againe,
Of thine owne wrongs or her vntruth complaine.
For, to be patient, time will eaſy make it,
If thou haue patience but to vndertake it.
He that from farre his Miſtreſſe doth admire;
And dares not hope of his hauing deſire:
His wound, a cure, vncurable will proue,
For what we thinke forbidden, moſt we loue.
Diſtruſt not then, till thou heare her reply,
„ Who asketh faintly, teacheth to deny.
If all theſe faile, this next will helpe impart,
And loue of others to ſelfe-loue conuert.
Since thoughts of loue no longer vs poſſeſſe,
Then while we liue in health and happineſſe.
Let him that is indebted thinke alone,
That while he thinkes his day drawes neerer on:
Whom a hard father from his will doth let,

Let

Let him before him ſtill his father ſet.
Let him which will a wife with nothing take,
Thinke from preferment ſhe will keepe him backe:
None need this Phyſicke of Phyſitions borrow,
For none but hath ſome cauſe of feare or ſorrow.
Let him that deeply loues and is forgone,
(Like an ill-doer) feare to be alone.
Vſe not to ſilent Groues alone to ſhrinke,
Nothing loue more vpholdeth then to thinke:
Then will thy minde thy Miſtreſſe picture take,
For mem'ry all things paſt doth preſent make.
Then like *Pigmalion* we an image frame,
And fall in loue deuoutly with the ſame:
Therefore, then night, leſſe dangerous is the day,
Becauſe then, thoughts new borne, talk ſends away.
Then ſhalt thou finde how much a friend is worth,
Into whoſe breaſt thou maiſt thy griefe poure forth.
Phillis alone frequented th'riuers ſide,
Clowded with ſhade of trees, till there ſhe di'd.

The Remedy of Loue.

Who loues muſt louers company refuſe,
For loue is as infectious as newes.
By looking on ſore eyes, we ſore eyes get,
And fire doth alwaies on the next houſe ſet.
Did not infection to next neighbours flie,
Diſeaſes would with their firſt owners die.
A wound new heal'd will ſoone break out againe,
Therefore from ſeeing of thy loue refraine:
Nor will this ſerue, but thou muſt ſhun her kin,
And euen the houſe which ſhe abideth in (thee
Let not her Nurſe or Chamber-maide once moue
Though they proteſt, how much their Miſtreſſe loues
Nor into any queſtion of her breake, (thee
Nor of her talke (though thou againſt her ſpeake)
He that ſayes oft that he is not in loue,
By repetition doth himſelfe diſproue.
I would not wiſh thy loue in hatred end,
Let her that was thy loue, be ſtill thy friend.
But when yee needs muſt meet, then ſhew thy ſpirit,

Thinke how ſhe loues ſome fellow of leſſe merite,
Make not thy ſelfe againſt thou ſeeſt her fine,
For this is doubtleſſe, of ſome loue a ſigne.
The reaſon is (as I my ſelfe haue tride)
Why many men ſo long in loue abide,
Becauſe if they ſome kinder looke obtaine,
They forth-with thinke they are belou'd againe.
„ To our owne flattery ſoone we credite giue,
„ And what we would haue true, we ſoone beleeue.
So they like Gameſters leeſe on more and more,
Leſt they ſhould looſe that little loſt before.
But truſt not thou their words, & though they ſwear,
Yet womens oathes are oather of Atheiſts here.
Nor as a ſigne of griefe their weeping take,
But thinke, their eyes, vſe, ſoluble doth make.
Bee ſtill and ſullen, beare a grudge in minde,
Nor tell the cauſe leaſt ſhe excuſes finde:
He that beginneth with his loue to chide,
That man is willing to bs ſatisfide.

Beauty is nothing worth, for if we loue,
The fowl'ſt ſhe in our iudgement faire will proue:
Therefore the onely meanes by which to try them,
Is then to iudge when fairer do ſtand by them:
Conferre their faces and with all their minde,
Who ſeeth onely with his eyes is blinde.
Compariſon, the touch-ſtone is, whereby,
We from the good the better do deſcry.
'Tis but a trifle which I meane to ſpeake,
And yet, loues ſtrength, this trifle oft doth breake.
All letters written from thy Miſtreſſe, burne:
Such reliques, louers mindes do backwards turne.
Though thou canſt not behold thē while they flame,
Thy loues laſt funerall fire, do thinke the ſame.
Take heed leaſt thou into the place reſort,
Which hath bene acceſſary to your ſport:
Stirre not the aſhes which do fire conceale,
Nor touch the wound which is about to heale.
Loue cannot be maintain'd with pouertie,

His ryot doth with riches beſt agree.
Honour and titles, though not felt nor ſeene,
The chiefeſt cauſe of loue to ſome haue bene.
Frequent not Plaies, for whiles we others loue,
See acted, we our ſelues do parties proue.
Vpon my proofe, Muſicke and Dancing flie,
For Muſicke, Trees and Stones did mollifie:
And fiſhes too though they themſelues be dumbe
To heare *Arions* Harpe did gladly come.
And Dancing doth in ſome more Paſſions raiſe,
Then reaſon pacifies in many daies.
Theſe melt the minde and ſoft our hearts do make,
And thereby loues impreſſion apt to take.
Touch not the Poets which of loue do ſing,
They vs to loue by imitation bring,
Whiles we in them do others loue behold,
Change but the names the Tale of vs is told. (proue
What man (but ſome ſtiffe Clowne) but ſoone will
By reading of ſuch bookes in loue, with loue?

Barre them I ſay, becauſe in them is found,
A certaine muſicke and a wanton ſound.
Vnleſſe I by *Apollo* be miſled,
'Tis a mutation which moſt loue hath bred.
Much eaſineſſe doth cloy, and moſt we ſet,
By that which we with doubt from others get:
Then frame this ſelfe me riuall, but ſurmiſe,
That cold in middle of her bed ſhe lies.
Atrides could lye dull by *Helens* ſide,
And was content at *Crete* from her to bide.
Vntill by *Paris* ſhe from him was rented,
Then was his loue by others loue augmented.
Laſtly, I muſt ſome meates forbid the ſicke,
That I in all may be Phyſition like:
Vſe not on ſweete and iuicy meates to feede,
Of ſuch, the fulneſſe, doth luſts hunger breede:
And ſtuff'd with ſuch, we any do admire,
When all their beauty lies in our deſire.
But Wine is more prouoking farre then meat,

This heates our bloud and it on rage doth ſet.
This drownes our minde and makes it ſence obey,
„ Loues wings being wet he cannot flye away.

THE END.

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